

Rising

WILLIAM PEACE UNIVERSITY LITERARY MAGAZINE 2013



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
North Carolina Digital Heritage Center

<https://archive.org/details/prism201300peac>

Rising

Wrigley

PRISM STAFF

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Ariel Wortham

Hannah Murphy

Sierra Alley

Brooke Shearin

CO-EDITORS

Zachary Almond

Elledia Ijames

Suzy Richardson

Halla Sider

Shaquora Sanders

Kevin Collins-Nelson

Rachel Sapp

Sarah Allison

Christiane Newell

Alicia Grimes

Alexis Joynes

Trea Brady

Sharon Hackney

Tarecka Payne

Caroline Murray

Cymone Gee

Barbara Allen Cates

CONTRIBUTORS

Caroline Murray

Ariel Wortham

Maigan Kennedy

Sarah Allison

Alicia Grimes

Sierre Alley

Al-Mounawara Yaya

Jessica Becker

Aneisha Montague

Wendy Serrano

Tarecka Payne

Hannah Murphy

Barbara Allen Cates

Christina Hawes

Jensen McLamb

DESIGNER

Alyssa Pence

ADVISORS

Charles Duncan

Lincoln Hancock

A moment cannot last a lifetime
Yet a lifetime can feel so short
Moments that matter pass too quickly
While pain can linger on.
Happiness in one's heart comes from more than a moment
More than a thought
More than a second.
Moments when one wishes to live
But the happiness inside is carried on.
Every second, of every minute, of every hour, of every day
Counts.
Every thought, every dream, every hope
Have value.
A moment of value will never be forgotten.
A dream will always be remembered.
And I will never forget you.

SARAH ALLISON
MOMENTS

FALL

ANONYMOUS

Indian summer days,
The lingering summer haze,
Students of all ages returning to school,
Wondering when things will begin to cool.

The blue of the sky becoming clearer
Reflecting a cooling world like a mirror
Life is slow to give up the ghost
But dying with brilliance up and down the East coast.

The best time to enjoy the crisp mountain air
And hike all day without worry or care
Getting in the last few motorcycle rides
To enjoy the fall beauty while a little warmth is still on your side.

One particular cool autumn morning
Picking the perfect pumpkin is the anticipated journey;
And spectators fill the football stands
As the drum major strikes up the band.

Then the colors fall to the ground
And the leaves get piled into mounds.
Families gather for a big meal on a Thursday
Heralding the exit of Fall and saying Winter is on the way.

LIVE
AL-MOUNAWARA YAYA

I live for her,
The mother, the sister, the confident.
I live through her,
The strong, the patient, the outgoing.
I live like her,
The perseverant, the ambitious, the triumphant,
The fragile yet strong,
The selfish yet caring,
The mother, the sister, the confident.

To be; or not to be?
What a contradiction
I open my eyes and see
I close my eyes and imagine
Yet to live in lust and guilty pleasures
To be of a life of meaning and understanding
And Devil is flesh
Or is it God is soul
Convenience is flesh
Complexity is soul
But I yearn for more
I am needed here
But I do not belong as captive to be ruled
I understand the secrets of our rulers
But I am not bound
I am tied to this world
Traveling beyond common knowledge
And investigate the minds of matter
I dive into the seas of love
Into the depths of the world
And submit...
I open my eyes
And submerge...
I close my eyes

CHRISTINA HAWES
EXISTENCE

DENIAL-LAND

ARIEL WORTHAM AND JENSEN MCLAMB

It's always warm and sunny
People smile and things are funny
Here in Denial-land.

Whenever things don't go quite right
Solve your problems by shutting your eyes tight –

Whenever someone breaks up with you
And says it's them, that's always true –

If your clothes become too snug, it's the drier
Just ignore the number on the scale that's getting higher –

Do you want that designer purse?
Go ahead, buy it, it won't make your bank account worse –

So what your team lost six games in a row
They can still come back and win, I just know –

Well of course it tastes just like the real thing
The same way a knock-off looks like real bling –

Tomorrow they'll appreciate you more than before
And of course that dress doesn't make you look like a whore –

An accident caused the itchy, burning sensation,
But what do you mean nine months of gestations –

All that you need to boost that GPA
Is to study a little more than a day –

Sure it won't hurt to take another shot
You're becoming a better dancer, are you not?

Here comes Prince Charming to sweep you off your feet,
Not for directions on where he can take a leak –

You know that it's coming, the really big dance
It'll be everything you dream of, just give it a chance –

Denial, what's that?
An island, a river, or maybe a hat?

Wait, the truth is calling and you have to leave us?
That's okay, I'm sure you'll come back soon and see us
Here in Denial-land

Sunday morning shady stories make me reconsider what my morals should be
My weekend full of memories tequila steals from me

I recommend keeping your mouth shut; I'll unquestionably lay your perspective to rest
Quick to judge and intimidating, so I've been told

My opinion is loudly stated; arguing is what I do best
I recommend keeping your mouth shut; I'll unquestionably lay your perspective to rest

I can't help I go to all lengths to make the room glimmer
I may seem like an edgy bitch, unattractive, a sinner

I plan to make it big, be known, and see my name gleam in bold lights
just to prove it's not impossible for me to be the premier sight

I would my own being. Only take my own advice.
Unstoppable I trump, through my homemade maze of life.

THE FIELD DOWN THE PATH

ALICIA GRIMES

There is a field down the path where the memories lay
That never fades like the green grass that never goes away.
Wild flowers grow and Lilies bloom
In the field down the path where dreams loom.
Children play by day lovers meet by night
In the field down the path where romance is bright.
Spring changes to summer, summer to fall
In the field down the path that holds it all.
Year after year the days go by
But that field never changes as time flies.

Slowly by slow the memories change
In the field down the path it begins to rain.
Inch by inch dreams are washed away.
In that field down the path where the memories lay.
No longer running barefoot will lovers be
Because that field down the path we can no longer see.

NEW YORK

BY ARIEL WORTHAM

You can't see the stars out here.

You can see stars off of Broadway, stars out of movies,
Stars out of nothing – all stars that are groovy;
You can see lights of the signs, and lights of the city,
Lights of the house – all lights that are pretty;
You can see restaurants for Chinese, Italian, and Thai,
As well as lions, and tigers, and bears, oh my!
You can see people from everywhere, all over the earth –
People who celebrate their heritage and birth;
You can see historical landmarks, locations for films,
Art that is painted, art fired in kilns;
You can see things that inspired books set right here,
Or maybe go out dancing and have a few beers.
You can see students attending these real famous schools,
Basically do anything, and that's really cool...

But you can't see the stars out here.

WALKING MY WALK

CAROLINE MURRAY

There's no doubt I'm crazy, a troublemaker, a misfit
I tend to rebel and wear "too bright" red lipstick

I don't follow rules; I see no limits and always cross the line
My Friday nights don't exist to casually sip on a glass of wine

Fierce attitude; beware. Sarcasm is the linggo I speak
Learn my lessons from my mistakes; walk to the beat of my own technique

Curse words are my lyrics; I sing aloud my own unique tune
Lip-sink me, if you dare, but be prepared for doom

When a full moon shines bright, my neon colors glow
Step out of my way; it's my job to provide the show

Raise hell and leave damage, you know when I've been around
In stripper high stillets I imprint the town

Strike my signature pose whether rocking leather pants or suede boots
He can be millionaire or a genius, but I'm sure to seduce the man in a suit

THE PRINCESS

ARIEL WORTHAM

She had met a princess once, when she was little.

She knew now, of course, that the girl she met wasn't a "real" princess, but a beauty queen; but it didn't matter at the time. It had been at some festival in the town. What she remembered most was the smile the girl had. She looked beautiful to her, especially when she danced. She wore a sparkly costume with a skirt that whooshed just the way any real skirt should in a little girl's eyes. The princess's willowy body bent and twisted like a flower in the wind, and though she was enchanted by it, something about the princess made her want to cry. It was as though the princess was telling her that she was sad, but that didn't seem right because her smile was so beautiful and she seemed so happy.

After the dance the princess put her crown back on, and the way it sparkled in the sunlight dazzled her so that she forgot about how sad the princess had seemed. She tugged at her mother, asking if she could get a picture with the princess.

"Actually," her mother smiled, "I think she is a queen."

She knew that wasn't right, queens were old women, this was a princess, but she didn't tell her mother that, just asked again if she could take a picture.

"We'll ask her," her mother said.

They approached the princess, who was smiling and laughing with a group of people, who were all big, and that seemed a little scary, so she stood partially behind her mother when her mother asked for the picture.

"Of course," the princess said, smiling even bigger.

She moved shyly next to the princess, who knelt and put an arm around her. She grinned, the princess was hugging her!

When the picture was printed later, she framed it so she could always keep the moment when the smiling princess had taken time for her. She decided that she wanted to be a dancing princess when she got bigger, too.

A little more than a year after she met the smiling, dancing princess, she saw her in the newspaper. It was an obituary. Confused, she asked her mother what it meant.

Her mother, looking very uncomfortable and sad, searched for a way to explain what is inexplicable to a small girl.

"She was an unhappy girl. She had a hard time it seems. It made her very sad."

But she seemed so happy, her smile was so big. And she was a princess. Yet even as she thought it, she remembered the princess's dance, and how sad it seemed to be, but said in a language no one else seemed to understand.

"I think she was tired of trying to be happy," her mother said. But her smile...

"Sometimes, the biggest smiles hide the saddest souls."

Ding, ding, ding. Oh My! That means we have one hour. I am not ready for this. I have got to fix my make-up I must look horrifying. Yet, black eyeliner running down my face. That will at least occupy my mind for a few minutes. Now to my duties as the best man. I must go to you and make sure you don't run away. Ha! I will be there to support you in whatever you want. Should I tell you? No, no that is a bad idea. Ok elevator in sight. Twelve floors till the lobby. At least we are beside the church. Nine floors till the lobby. I am not ready for this. I am not ready to let you marry her. Three floors till the lobby. I am going to have to tell you. One floor till the lobby. No. I will not tell you. I will not tell you. You are free to do whatever you want. My window of opportunity has closed.

"Hey Jerry! Ready to go get married?" I am smiling, putting a lot of effort to make it not look forced.

"Actually Alex, I need to talk to you first."

"Are you ok? I'm sure everything will be fine. I saw the church already it's beautiful." I can only hold my resolve so long! We need to get over there!

"Do you know what today is, Alex?"

"Yeah, the day your getting married!" And the day my heart is breaking, and the anniversary of the day we first met, but none of those are what we are here for. So what's your point?

"No, don't you remember? That day in college in the rain?"

"Yes Jerry, I remember, I didn't think you did." Where is this going?

"Oh, Alex I remember, I will never forget. I have to tell you something Alex."

"OK?"

"I can't marry June today."

AN OVERTOWERING AGITATION

HANNAH MURPHY

It's the sense of entitlement
The putting on airs
The fakeness
The laughter
It's under my nails.
Your voice cuts a path
Underneath my skin,
You burrow deeper
And deeper
And deeper within.
Who the hell are you?
Do you matter to me?
No, of course not,
But I can't let it be.
It's like fire,
Unquenchable,
Undeniably so;
That's the problem with us,

You selfishly grow.
You're not that impressive,
Or even sub-par,
Yet you think it's you who is raising the bar.
It's the way that you move
And the way that you "smile"
It just makes me sick,
This artistic style.
You're an allergic reaction,
No doctor can dress
So here I am, stuck,
In this state of distress.
I'm done with these problems
And with all of yours too,
Have a nice life and,
Oh yeah,
Fuck you.

for at least eight of our ten years. As I walked through the sanctuary earlier I was in awe of how perfect it was. The church was decked out in small elegant flowers, the feel of spring surrounded anyone who is in the room. It is what I always pictured; the flowers, the dress, everything. Everything including the date, it's exactly ten years since our chance meeting in the rain. Did you realize that? Of course you didn't.

I am ready. I know that in two hours I will be standing beside you. I will hear your vows read, and I will cry. I will cry because it is not my eyes you are looking into. I am not the one you love. That I am not compatible for you. You are a lawyer who fights for those I fight against. I am the epitome of everything you are not allowed to associate with. One day you will be running some tragedy. So I give you freely to her. I will be your best man and your family. I will never hold you back for any reason. In fact, Jerry, you will never know. You will never know because I never told you nor will I ever tell you. I will only say it once; I Alexandria Walker loves, no I can't do it.

I have to wonder if you ever felt anything for me. How horrific would that be two people are in unrequited love for each other and both too afraid to admit it. I cannot deal with that packslash of admission. I cannot torture you with this problem. Can I? Would it be fair? A minute ago I was solid in my beliefs, now, well now I am unsure. Oh how I wish I could call you for Jerry! I need a boost, I am stressed out."

"What's been going on Alex? What's got you so uptight?" You would reply like always.

"Oh I don't know how to tell you I am in love with you."

"This? Should I just push my feelings aside or do I tell you?"

Today is the day. I, like every other little girl, have dreamed from Bridal Magazines and added them to my scrapbook. I would save every program from the weddings I went to, with a page of critiques, what I thought worked and what didn't. By the time I went to college I had my perfect wedding planned, all I needed was a groom and to pick a date.

How was I to know we were destined when I ran into you that rainy April day ten years ago? In the flying of papers and splashing of water you somehow came out unscathed, while I ended up soaking in a puddle of water. You hurriedly pulled me out, grabbed a backpack off the ground and continued to class. Leaving me there alone to chase my scattered term papers I was so glad to have lost you and never wanted to see you again, well until I got to class. You had grabbed my pack off inseparable around campus. All of my friends asked where Jerry was when I showed up to parties without you. Jerome Sawyer and Alexander Walker, everyone knew the two went hand in hand We won spring flying King and Queen our senior year. Even after graduation and it was determined you were going to Harvard to crack under the pressure I would call you and somehow you would relieve my stress. Now you are the big shot lawyer you always wanted to be and I am the hippie journalist fighting for the rights of the underdog.

Today is the day since I was seven years old. I imagined purple calla lilies, pink sweethearts roses, and blue dahlias. I cut pictures of this day since I was seven years old. I imagined purple calla lilies, pink sweethearts roses, and blue dahlias. I cut pictures save every program from the weddings I went to, with a page of critiques, what I thought worked and what didn't. By the time I went to college I had my perfect wedding planned, all I needed was a groom and to pick a date.

How was I to know we were destined when I ran into you that rainy April day ten years ago? In the flying of papers and splashing of water you somehow came out unscathed, while I ended up soaking in a puddle of water. You hurriedly pulled me out, grabbed a backpack off the ground and continued to class. Leaving me there alone to chase my scattered term papers I was so glad to have lost you and never wanted to see you again, well until I got to class. You had grabbed my pack off inseparable around campus. All of my friends asked where Jerry was when I showed up to parties without you. Jerome Sawyer and Alexander Walker, everyone knew the two went hand in hand We won spring flying King and Queen our senior year. Even after graduation and it was determined you were going to Harvard to crack under the pressure I would call you and somehow you would relieve my stress. Now you are the big shot lawyer you always wanted to be and I am the hippie journalist fighting for the rights of the underdog.

A L I C I A G R I M E S

COMMUNITY

JESSICA BECKER

Community –
an interacting population of various kinds of individuals in a common
location,
a unified body of individuals,
a state of mind,
a central location where people are drawn to so to be safe, free, sup-
ported.

Outside life is a place of torture, loneliness, pain -
As a cruel woman once said long ago Life Sucks Then You Die.

A community –
someplace where you can be free,
someplace to grow,
a place to cry,
to sing,
to cheer,
to LOVE.

All lose focus and meaning when life creeps its way into this holy
place

frustration, blaming, tears are more to come.

Our community is a circle of love,
a circle of friendship,
a circle of growth,
of support,
of freedom.

Community – a state of mind,
A place to safely come in to our own power.

and reassured myself that I am in the company of
 sometimes, when I am overwhelmed
 by the complexities of life,
 I gaze heavenward
 dark matter, out clouds, and limitless atoms,
 nebulae, white dwarves, quarks, black holes,
 all dancing in celestial rhythm,
 and I reckon my own importance
 and reassured myself that I am in the company of
 even when the sight of the sun is blocked
 I take solace in the thought that someone (something),
 somewhere, on some distant planet,
 in some distant galaxy
 is looking at my sun as a tiny pinprick star of light
 in the vast expanse of space,
 and they, too, are coming to terms
 with their own insignificance.

Time to fly and spread our
 wings. But this isn't the end, it's our
 beginning.

So this is it.

You're trying to let go of.
 Goodbye is letting go of whatever
 The hardest thing about saying
 there, I said it—but I don't like it.

Goodbye.

But why does it feel like it?
 Mean the end—
 The word goodbye doesn't have to
 My mouth is simply on strike.
 But my mouth won't formulate them.
 Words flood my mind and my heart,
 How am I supposed to say goodbye?
 Graduation Day is almost here.

SERRA ALLEY
GOODBYE

MAGGIE KENNEDY

STIR THE HELL

THE GIRL IN THE WINDOW

ANEISHA MONTAGUE

Waiting for the traces of shuffling feet,
traces of yawns from those still asleep,
from four stories high it is of no surprise
that those shuffling out don't realize
the analytical eyes staring down
watching you as you complain and frown
about how early you have to start your day,
when all she really wants is to find an escape;
she finds delight in the evening time,
as those pass by high and mighty in their prime,
the sweet scents of ladies perfume,
dances through the wind up to her room,
it's a subtle supplement yet she consumes,
until one person enters the room,
the one who can share the gloom,
the one who consoles the wilted bloom,
the greatest thing they have to share,
is the fact that nobody else knows,
that the girl in the window is even there.

DEAR FRIEND

WENDY SERRANO

Dear friend, is it okay to criticize,
To fill my head with doubt and lies;
Can you tell me, dear friend,
When will it end?
The seeds of doubt you place in my head
I mull them over 'til I see red
And then I think
Is it my ship you are trying to sink?
Or is it your vessel you are trying to float
On the doubts and broken dreams I wrote;
So tell me, dear friend,
When will it end?
Every time you speak
My heart breaks and leaks
A sea of emotions
And I feel nothing but demotion,
Is this what friendship is?
A game where you taunt and tease?
So tell me, dear friend,
When will you make it end?

PRIVACY FOR MY HOUSE

ANONYMOUS

A house full of books,
And a yard full of flowers,
With laughter and love
To fill all the hours
Is all that I pray
To make my home perfect
Each and every day.

THAT LITTLE BIRDY

TARECKA PAYNE

"That little birdy up in the sky.
No pains, no worries. Just looking for somewhere to fly.
And, oh, how I wish I could be like that little birdy.
 Flying high in sky no worries.
 I would travel, I would sit,
I would stare far off, far off into the lands of all the exotic places I could go,
 I would taste the fruit,
 Learn the ways of the people,
 And have no worries,
 I would just fly
 High in the sky
Oh, little birdy how I wish I could fly high in sky with no worries no pain.
 Just looking for somewhere to fly
 Like that
 That little birdy up in the sky."

Be the sculpture who carves his life and molds his fate
Fear not to veer away from the path that's straight

Imagine, explore, invent and create
Take time to discover your self

Never has too much pride to hide his emotion,
Who, when he loses faith and feels broken,
And in return, is not selfish with his wisdom
Be the one who benefits from criticism

Be worthy; you must win the fight
Don't complain if you haven't earned the right
Who, rather, embraces the struggle
Be the one who seeks no task as too difficult

But not fearful to keep trying until you succeed
Be conquered, be beaten, and suffer defeat
A man with a force that's unstoppable
Be the one who attempts the impossible

But be humble if you aren't the greatest one
Fight hard to never be outshone
But not as good as tomorrow
Be better than yesterday

Stand out; make your personality loud
Never blend in with the black and white crowd
The individual who prefers to walk alone
Be unique and be unforgettable

Too successful for anyone else to fill your shoes
Be the definition of your views
But an expert on yourself
Be brilliant at the basics

Who commits to be the change that needs to be made
Be the man who accepts the challenge unafraid
Spin the globe atop your finger tips,
Be an unexpected addition to the world

CAROLINE MURRAY



'TIS' THE SEASON

CAROLINE MURRAY

'Tis the season that never fails to get the best of us
An entire week devoted to do nothing but study and cuss
Sleep deprived, brain fried and painful, bloodshot eyes
A marathon of madness; never confident we will survive

Too much to study, it's an impossible race against time
Poems becoming nearly impossible to rhyme
Papers to write on books that were never bought
Notes on topics you forgot the Professor ever taught

Too good at procrastinating, it comes as no struggle
The advisor was wrong; these classes aren't easy to juggle
Lost the exam schedule, then found out the library closes at mid-night
Another night in Flowe; only a few hours left to write

Pencils running out of lead, pens dead and without ink
Haven't left campus for two days straight, I wonder if I stink?
Deadlines aren't met and questions on the exam don't make sense
Papers written so quickly they're in more than one tense

Tis' the exam season, we're miserable and tired
Crashing from the Adderall; five nights straight we've been wired
Emotional breakdowns begin to occur,
This week of hell is nothing but a delirious blur.

OPENING NIGHT

ARIEL WORTHAM

Months of preparation,
Worry,
Sleepless nights,
Long days,
Frustration,
And
tears,

The rehearsals where nothing went right
And I was sure we'd never make it
Have come to this,
Opening night.

In the dressing room two hours before the show
Too many mirrors
Lights too bright and too hot
Making you certain you'll sweat your makeup off
Before you get it on.
Clothes, makeup, hairspray, bobby pins everywhere!
"Quiet backstage! Focus!"
We are focused,

On our family.
We can drive each other mad
But we want each other to succeed.
The silly things we do to pump each other up
"Five minutes to houses!"
"Thank you houses!"
And get out the nerves.

Heart leaps, stomach drops
"Thank you houses!"
"Five minutes to houses!"
The heady feeling after the first performance
So what if things went wrong?
We did it once
We can do it again, and better
You've put everything you have into the show
The performance is worth it all.

Almost time.
Get the final bits of costume in place.
Did I remember to set my props?
One more gulp of water.
"Five minutes"
"Thank you five"
I'm going to be sick.
We can do this - I have faith in you
Almost my cue
Out of the dark and into the light
Everything disappears
I am no longer me
Oh the rush!
Wait, it's over?
We made it
Go on, take your bow
Clasping hands with your family
Who took the journey with you.
Smile and bow
I can't stop smiling
Adrenaline soars
The heady feeling after the first performance
So what if things went wrong?
We did it once
We can do it again, and better
You've put everything you have into the show
The performance is worth it all.

THE RUG

HANNAH MURPHY

The rug was from Belgium. It was covered in intricate designs and richly dyed thread. The rug was made for a king's castle. People would come to visit the king and the rug would hear all of their discussions. Knights told the king about enemies that had been destroyed, and those that still posed a threat to the kingdom. The king would discuss defensive strategies and the rug would hear where bases would be placed, and when to infringe on which territories. Peasants would get on their dirty knees and beg the king to lower taxes so they could feed their starving children. When the king laughed and turned them away, they would leave looking hungrier than when they had first arrived. Their tears would fall onto the rug, and it would feel the chilling dampness seeping into its fibers. Dukes and viscounts stood on the carpet and ate while they entertained the king with stories and jokes about loose women and the tax collector whose facial mole was always a source for humor. Spittle and food would drop from their mouths while they stood on the rug, loudly laughing and conversing. The rug would just lay there as crumbs fell onto it and mead dripped off their chalice's and stained its lovely pattern. The rug hated the king and his rude friends. The rug

hated seeing the peasants cry because of the king's harshness. The rug only knew of one bit of goodness in the castle, and that bit was named Mathilde. She was a beautiful, young woman with long brown hair that was braided on top of her head, and large brown eyes with creamy white skin. Mathilde had always carefully brushed the rug, taking great care to remove all traces of dirt. She would skillfully mend any tears or holes on the rug. Mathilde always loved the rug, and the rug loved Mathilde. Mathilde always took special care of the rug and the rug enjoyed feeling cared for. One day the king was overthrown. The rug lay on the stone floor as strangers trampled him to take anything of value. The rug felt itself being lifted from the floor. The rug was terrified and hoped Mathilde would arrive to save it. The rug was carted out and thrown in a trunk. It could feel the trunk being lifted and placed onto a cart. The cart rattled down a road with a destination greatly unknown to the rug.

The rug now sits in a rundown thrift store, in a section titled "Antique". The rug travelled from castles to houses and through several different countries in Europe. The rug had been sent to America many years ago. It couldn't recall how long it had been uncomfortable on the rod that held it doubled over inside the drafty store. The rug had grown dusty and moths had eaten away some of its more

intricate threading, making the patterns look slovenly and cheap. The rug had given up any hope that Mathilde would retrieve it from its many travels to care for it. One day, as rain pattered against the metal roofing of the thrift store, a young woman with long chestnut hair walked through the door. The rug saw her and immediately felt a sudden twinge of comfort. The young woman had the same hair, skin, and large brown eyes that reminded it so fondly of Mathilde. The rug watched her browse through the many old sweaters and miscellaneous objects, hoping she would look up. She began wandering further into the store and made her way closer and closer to where the rug was hung on display. Finally, she began looking through the tapestries and rugs that were hanging near the rug and it felt her hand grace its edge. She stopped and examined the rug, and with a smile, she turned towards the shop employee near her and asked to please remove the rug from the rod. The older woman at the register asked, "May I please have your name for our records? We like to keep track of who purchases our antique items." The young woman smiled and replied, "Of course, my name is Matilda."

of our Land, by the sea.
I begin to dream in long last,
In two children playing free.
Now and then I see our past,

Our world began falling fast.
New thoughts entered that we wished to try.
Playtime was hard to last.
The age was reached where we asked why.

Our peaceful sand began to fly.
As we began to see that youth was grand
Blissful years go by,
Skipping along hand in hand

In our own peaceful Land.
Living youthful and carefree,
Building castles in the sand,
Young Children you and I are we.

In the Land by the sea.
Laughing joyously and singing song,
That is how we used to be.
Happy as the day is long,

ALICIA GRIMES
THE LAND BY THE SEA

TREE, FRAMED

BARBARA ALLEN CATES

arthritic branches
prod night moon
secrets

fishing through clouds
it announces

stance

over all
but
dwarfed
by mountains
rescinds
to passive statue
obedient
in scale.

PRIISM STAFF

EDITORS-IN-CHIEF

Arielle Wortham

Hannah Murphy

Sierra Alley

Brooke Shearin

Zachary Almond

Elliecia James

Alicia Grimes

Sierra Alley

Halla Sider

Kevin Collins-Nelson

Anesisha Montague

Christiane Newell

Tarecka Payne

Rachel Sapp

Wendy Serрано

Alicia Grimes

Barbara Allen Cates

Alexis Joynes

Sharon Hackney

Trea Brady

Jenssen McLamb

Barbara Allen Cates

Charles Duncan

Lincoln Hancock

CONTRIBUTORS

CO-EDITORS

Maignan Kennedy

Arielle Wortham

Caroline Murry

Brooke Shearin

Zachary Almond

Elliecia James

Alicia Grimes

Sierra Alley

Halla Sider

Kevin Collins-Nelson

Anesisha Montague

Rachel Sapp

Wendy Serрано

Alicia Grimes

Barbara Allen Cates

Christina Hawes

Tarecka Payne

Caroline Murry

Gymone Gee

Barbara Allen Cates

Alyssa Penne

DESIGNERS

EDVISORS

l i k e . o u t

WISIN
W.U.D

WILLIAM PEACE UNIVERSITY LITERARY MAGAZINE 2013

W.I.S.N.D.